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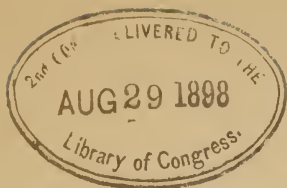
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ARTHUR C. BUTTS



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Frontispiece.

MONTICELLO,
A PICTURE OF THE PAST,

BY
ARTHUR C. BUTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. WILSON.

The Knickerbocker Press,
New York.

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WILLIAM D. STRATTON, ESQ. :

To you, a son of Sullivan, whose career to her ambitious youth should be a noble incentive and an illustrious example ; to you, a friend, whose friendship weighed in the balance of experience was found always honest, full-hearted, and true ; to you, Sir, with unfeigned affection and regard, is this work inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK,

July 17th, 1898.



“ Let strangers name thee—call thee what they will,
I knew thee—loved thee, and I love thee still.” —*Page 4.*

MONTICELLO



AIR Monticello! scene of earlier years,

Thy shades I visit, and though gathering
tears

Bedim my vision as I walk thy streets,
The Past beams welcome—kindly smiles and greets
Thy wanderer, who erewhile from thee did stray,
As from a nest a bird might fly away
With untried pinion, and in ether soar,
Nor know that to his home-nest evermore,
When once he flew away on fluttering wing,
Bleak storms or sunshine would him homeward bring.

O heavenly mountain ! this the classic name
Thy ancient founders gave thee, and thy fame
Rewardeth well the foresight of thy sires ;
For many a mile thy cupolas and spires
The weary traveller beckons who 's in quest
Of rugged scenery and peaceful rest ;
Enchanting Romance claims thee as her own,
The fairest jewel in fair Nature's crown.

Cochecton's turnpike winds o'er yonder hill,
A scene unfolding that the heart doth thrill ;
And those who 've wandered in far storied lands—
O'er Switzerland's mountains or Italian strands,
In sunny Spain, through England's lovely vales,
In vine-clad France, and Erin's lakes and dales—
Their eyes in wonder sweep this lovely view,

While rapture owns it as the fairest too.
From where they stand, enchanted, gazing down,
Fair Monticello in her loveliest gown
Displays her charms, her trees, her streets, her spires,
Her cots, her mansions ; homes where virtues' fires
Their radiance shed, and bless this beauteous spot,
Where all but peace and pleasure were forgot.

Betimes in summer when the setting sun
Reveals his glory ere the day is done,
His rays illuming every distant scene,
White Lake's fair waters, shimmering, may be seen.
No grander hills awake old Scotia's pride,
As fair as hers thy lakes on every side ;
O'er Mamakating towers Shawangunk's crest,
Whose craggy summits knew the eagle's nest ;

With cone-like peak high rearing in the sky,
Looms Walnut Mountain above Liberty.
Beyond where dear remembered Woodbourne lies,
The stately hills of Neversink arise.
Where sang the plowman nestles Pleasant Pond—
Lake Kiamesha the new name thou 'st donned—
Let strangers name thee—call thee what they will,
I knew thee—loved thee, and I love thee still.
Dost thou, sweet water, still remember me,
And days departed when I loved to be
Upon thy bosom with neglected hook,
That in thy depths, like crystal, I might look,
And see, as in a mirror, the blue sky,
Whose dome was hid when fleecy clouds rolled by?
How oft I 've pondered that 'neath skies as blue
The swarthy red man in his frail canoe



“ The lonely Barrens, desolate and drear,
Whose haunted mansion blanches cheeks with fear.”—Page 5.

Thy waters paddled ; but thy pebbly shore,
His whoop—my footfall—echo nevermore.

Fair Monticello ! as a mother mild
Is loved, remembered, by her wandering child,
Ah ! so I love, yea, and remember thee,
As by-gone days and dreams sweep over me.
From Middletown since beauteous dawned the day,
Hath toiled the stage-coach up its mountain way ;
Within the “ boot ” is stored the village mail,
And eager travellers, viewing hill and vale,
Behold the triumphs won through honest toil
By sons of Sullivan o’er rugged soil ;
The lonely Barrens, desolate and drear,
Whose haunted mansion blanches cheeks with fear,

The fisher huts that border Foulwood Pond,
The thrifty farms that, westward, lie beyond
Are slowly passed ; a single spire appears,
That like a holy sentinel, long years,
Hath guarded Bridgeville's frugal, pious folk
From worldly enterprise and Satan's yoke.
Four weary miles the traveller yet must go—
See ! on yon river falls the sunset's glow.

'T is eve at last ; the Tavern's lights appear,
And beam their greeting as the stage draws near ;
The bustling landlord greets the travellers there,
Then tempts their cravings with his savory fare.
Across the street a noisy, jostling crowd
Of waiting villagers with comments loud



“ ‘T is eve at last; the Tavern’s lights appear,
And beam their greeting as the stage draws near.”—*Page 6.*

And jokes and jests enjoy their nightly fun,
Until the Postman's usual task is done.
The crowd dispersing, soon in home and store,
Full many missives are read o'er and o'er,
That teem of commerce, hope, love, joy, and pain ;
'T was so of old—is now—will be again.
But through the village let us wend our way ;
Yet linger here where laughter light and gay
And sweetest music thrill the summer night,
And whispering gallants and fair ladies bright
Beguile sweet hours in the mazy dance,
And hearts are melted in love's burning glance.
But one dread night the villagers awoke ;
While bells were clanging, dreadful fire and smoke
Enwrapped that mansion in their lurid light,
And doomed its ruins to neglectful blight ;

A home as splendid greets thy wanderer's view,
But former glories ne'er can Wealth renew ;
Remembrance glorifies that spot once dear,
While Memory o'er it sheds a pitying tear.
Now enter here ! an old-time village store !
Awhile we 'll tarry, listening to the lore
Pugnacious neighbors scatter ; every night
They argue, wrangle, battle for the right
As each one sees it ; while the loungers by
Enjoy the sport as fiery comments fly—
Now scorching John and then o'erwhelming Hugh—
Till lamps, low burning, bid them say adieu ;
Away they go, good neighbors, up the street,
Each thinking proudly he the other beat
With skilful argument of ponderous weight,
That crushed his neighbor and preserved the state—

But at the Tavern, ah ! at last concur,
The question is two-sided, but defer
A full concession that the other 's right,
Then touch their glasses, drink, and say " Good night."

A cottage on a terrace ! blazing lights
Shine out their welcome ; joyous, happy nights,
Thy haunting memories Time cannot efface ;
The generous hospitality, the grace
Of thy fair mistress who reigned queenly there,
Who strove with neighbors all her joys to share,
Are still remembered ; every village call,
She gaily honored—party, concert, ball,
Were ever triumphs of her social powers,
Her spirit ruling fleeting happy hours ;

Amid the bright and beautiful she shone ;
O'er all, like flowers, her sweetest smiles were strown.
Though mournful winds may wail above her tomb,
Regretful friendship lights its darksome gloom ;
Her prayer would be, " No friend for me shall weep " ;
The ground is sacred where such relics sleep.

How calm the night ! how still, how restful here
Sleeps Monticello ! while from far nor near
No sound is wafted save the watch-dog's bark,
While silvery moonlight bathes the scene ; but hark !
Adown the road by horses' clattering feet,
The night's still hour is broken ; music sweet
Arousing slumberers in their peaceful homes—
A picnic party, singing, homeward comes ;

From the fairy glen where Katrina Falls
'Mid the forest leaps o'er the rocky walls,
Where the sunshine's beams on a summer day
Ever rainbows paint on their misty spray ;
From the fairy vale, from the tangled dell,
Where the rays of the summer moonlight fell,
Where at midnight's hour so sweet and shrill
To Katrina's roar sings the whippoorwill.
'T is a lovely spot for the lovers' tryst ;
For the fairy falls by the moonlight kissed,
Over lovers true fling a lovely spell
In the fairy glen and the tangled dell.
On, on they come, all singing " Home again " ;
Till sweeter voices sing a lovelier strain,
And thoughts of love arise on blissful wing,
And mount to heaven as love-lorn minstrels sing :

Good night, my darling, say good night,

While fair shines Luna's silvery ray ;

Good night, my love, good night, good night,

'T is midnight's hour, I must away.

Good night, good night, sweet love, good night ;

Good night, my darling, good night, good night.

Love's light is shining in your eyes,

Your charms are luring me to stay :

Good night, my love, good night, good night,

Unclasp your arms, I must away.

Good night, good night, sweet love, good night ;

Good night, my darling, good night, good night.

'T is morn ! the sun peeps over Bridgeville's hills

The robins rousing ; their rich-throated trills

Are echoing blithely from each tree and lawn
The redbreasts' welcome to the summer morn.
The streets, the trees, the grass are wet with dew ;
With pearls seems sprinkled every flower's hue.
Here comes an early riser ; see him go,
His arms so brawny, yet with footsteps slow,
To yonder Tavern ; with unsteady hand
He tries the latch ; 't is fastened ; see him stand
With anxious gaze and wait with moistless lip
Till opes the door ; then, quaffed his morning " nip."
With cracking whip the stage-coach rolls away,
And Monticello greets another day.

Come, let us sit upon the Village Green ;
Was fairer, lovelier Sylvan Grove e'er seen ?
Yet hath it echoed human sighs and groans ;

From yonder forum bitter sighs and moans
Have filled the air when Justice's stern decree
Some murderer doomed to death—eternity ;
But all was over when the Court-House bell
Rang out “ He 's dead ! ” and tolled a funeral knell.
And now the village is with life astir ;
The streets that yesternight so quiet were,
Begin to bustle, and the hum of life
Betrays here too goes on the endless strife
For fortune, pleasure, all that life can give
To humble toilers who but toil to live.
The patient ox-teams tread the dusty street ;
Two farmers—cronies—now each other greet,
Exchange their gossip—hope the promised rain
Will come to wet the withering crops again.
And there, two neighbors of the village talk,



“ The patient ox-teams tread the dusty street ;
Two farmers—cronies—now each other greet. ”—*Page 14.*



As toward the school-house, leisurely, they walk ;
One, has been hoeing garden all the morn,
His back is aching and he feels forlorn ;
The other, says his corn is in the ear,
The best he 's raised for many and many a year.
Here comes sweet Ada with her eyes so blue,
And cheeks that rival sweet carnation's hue ;
O loved one ! dear one ! thou art far away ;
When bloom azaleas, loveliest in May,
Thy beauteous blushes once again I see,
And then—I know not why—I think of thee.
Now slowly passes one with solemn mien ;
Hands clasped before him ; years threescore and ten
Have bowed his shoulders ; on his Roman face
Some awful, secret grief has left its trace.
'T is said, his riches bursting coffers fill ;

Yet toils he humbly, daily, at the mill,
Where through the race the Old Pond's waters steal
With power to turn the moss-grown water-wheel.
Some did his life and principles revile ;
But those who knew him, saw his sad, sad smile,
Well know where Monticello's fathers rest
The pressing clods conceal no manlier breast.
Mark well this man ! with slow and shambling gait
He shuffles slowly up the village street ;
His ponderous frame bows to Disease's blow ;
No longer in his intellect doth glow
The fires of thought unclouded ; yet a spell
Doth seem to hover o'er him, and compel
The love and homage that his better days
Commanded for his pious, manly ways.
With rod and line he 'd whip some favorite brook,

And many a trout that dangled on his hook
He 'd share with friends around some genial board,
Whose cheer his wondrous appetite e'er stirred
To feats of Epicurean display,
Unequalled then—unrivalled to this day.
'T was but his foible ; well he bore his part
As man, as Rector ; and his generous heart
E'er beat for others ; 't was his aim to cheer
The poor, the needy ; and whene'er a tear
Rolled down the cheek of Sorrow or of Pain,
He whispered “ Peace,” and bade them hope again.

The day is sultry ; oft a cooling breeze
Wafts grateful comfort ; 'neath the village trees
Mechanics, tradesmen, lawyers, come and go,
Each to his task ; and thus the ebb and flow

Of daily life goes on ; deem not that they
Who lived among these scenes were not the prey
Of every passion ; in his humble sphere
The toiler dug and delved ; to him, as dear,
The harvests garnered in his little field,
As if he 'd husbanded a vaster yield.
Yet, to Ambition's eyes, the horizon
Of Opportunity in years ago
Was all too narrow ; and some fretful breasts
Did yearn and pine—Ambition never rests—
To grapple with the world—mould grander schemes,
And realize the bold, inspiring dreams
That live and have their being in some souls
Whose lot contentment nevermore controls.
And so, forsooth, they left thy classic bowers,
Thy peaceful homes, green lawns, and blossoming flowers,

That made thee, Monticello, ever dear
To those who knew and loved thee ; even here,
Amid the City's ceaseless roar and rush,
I sigh for all thy charms ; sweet evening's hush,
Thy glimmering lights, the neighbor's beckoning door,
Past peace, past friendships ; never, nevermore,
Like benedictions may I feel thy power,
Yet recollection hallows many an hour.
And there was one whose name should ever be
In lofty place among thy chivalry.
As lawyer, jurist, statesman, not content,
His active mind on grandest projects bent,
Essayed to build, o'er mountain, plain, and stream,
A railway ; and men deemed his thoughts a dream.
But now from Lake Ontario to the sea
Spreads far an iron highway ; it should be

A sure reminder of a master mind,
A hero—benefactor of his kind.

Enough of this ; for Pleasure rules the day,
And bows the village to his mirthful sway.
In gay attire the sweet and modest miss,
Whose charms invite, repel her lover's kiss,
Now wends her way—her lover by her side—
All sweetly conscious of that lover's pride,
Toward the Tavern, Mecca ever dear,
Where hospitality and generous cheer
Oped wide its doors and lit its welcome hearth,
And hung fair garlands o'er the reveller's mirth.
Ah ! once again I see ye gathered there ;
The harp is swelling, and the bright and fair
Are gaily whirling o'er the ballroom floor.

Hail and farewell! ye rosy nights of yore.
Away with gloom! let not a care beguile!
Away! away! to lovely Edward's Isle:

Sweet Edward's Isle, fair Edward's Isle,
The waters of Neversink River
Thy shores caress,
And sweet winds kiss
Thy groves that are beautiful ever.

Sweet Edward's Isle, fair Edward's Isle,
There 's many and many a story—
Love's story old—
Erewhile was told,
While listened thy trees old and hoary.

Sweet Edward's Isle, fair Edward's Isle,
O hearts that are beating with sadness
For days now past,
Too bright to last,
Though eyes may be beaming with gladness !

Beautiful Isle, where sweet waters flow,
Beautiful Isle, where the hemlocks grow ;
Beautiful dreams of the rosy past,
Beautiful days too bright to last.

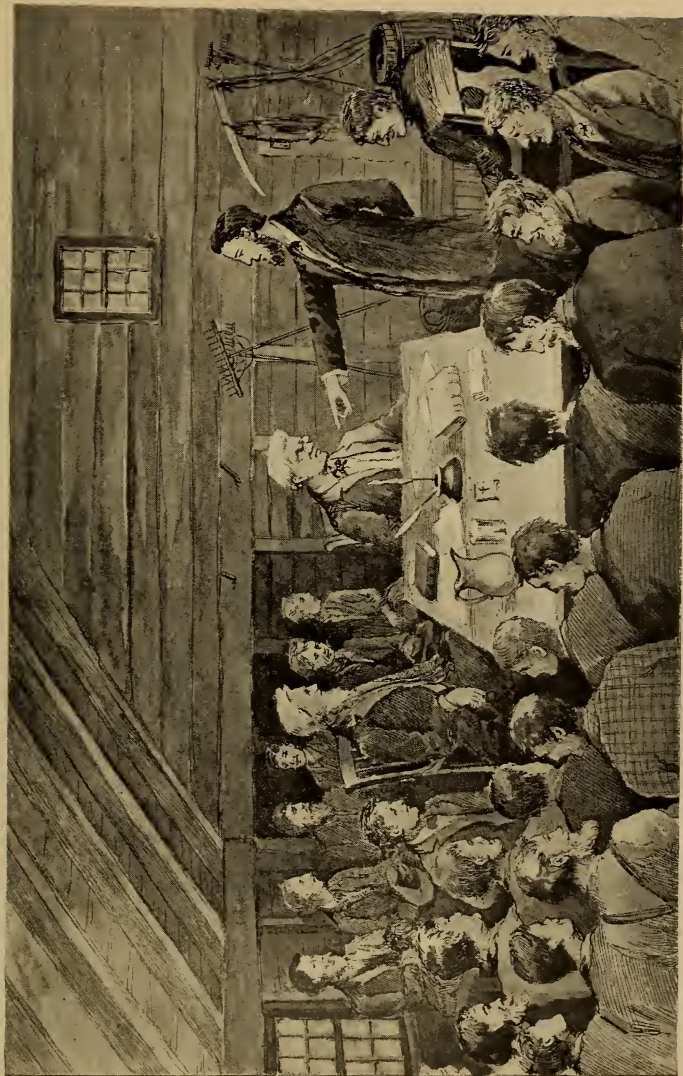
But look ! o'er there is gathering a crowd ;
Some men gesticulate, and high and loud
Their noisy conversation fills the air,
And seems to tell that trouble 's brooding there.
" A country lawsuit in a Squire's court ? "
" That 's what it is, sir ; stranger, there 'll be sport."

“ Who ’s plaintiff? ”—“ Well, I tell yer, I ’m the man.
I had a team, sir, yes, a nifty span,
And one day down there came from Liberty
A jockey, yes, a jockey, yes siree,
Who just drove ’round as if he did n’t care
A rap to swop, sir—led me in a snare ;
We had some drinks, we dickered, offers made ;
At last swopped teams—by Jingo ! made a trade.
That measly cuss, by Jocks ! I ought to shoot ;
And why? Well, say, do yer know I gin more boot
Than his durned team was worth, or ever was?
Well say, I ’ll show him up to be a cuss.
If I ’m beat here, you bet I ’ll never stop
Until I reach the Court that ’s way on top.
Yes, sir, that ’s sure, I tell yer I ’ll appeal—
That cuss from Liberty has got to squeal.”

And so around went many another word,
As one may hear, as often hath been heard,
When jockeys meet, in action, face to face,
To swear, and forswear, in a great horse case.
The court was held above the Squire's store ;
The place was crowded ; hardly room for more
Than Squire and jury, and a few beside,
Yet every noted horseman far and wide
Had come to town on purpose—just to see
Old Monticello do up Liberty.
Both sides are ready ; so the case is called.
The nervous Squire shows he is appalled,
That two such learnèd counsel in the fray
Will cross their weapons in his court to-day.
Then counsel for the plaintiff states his case :
A state of facts he 'd show, that would disgrace

That low defendant ; with his quirks and wiles
He robbed my client : there he sits and smiles
As if for law and justice he 'd no care ;
Hereafter, let your verdict say, Beware !
The parties they swopped horses ; bear in mind,
Defendant warr'nted his as true and kind ;
Yet one was heevy, and the other blind.
It is my duty, gentlemen, to add
My client 's called a swindler ; it 's too bad
So square a man—no better in the land—
Should be thus sizzled with so foul a brand.
This jockey claims that *he* has been deceived ;
My client's team, that is, if he 's believed,
Were played-out plugs, one a bone-spavined horse,
Lame from a colt ; and, gentlemen, far worse,
He says he 'll prove that going up Thunder Hill

The off horse stumbled—with blind staggers, fell ;
And it is rumored old Bill Mallory
Is here to swear 't was once turned out to die.
The plaintiff's honor is at stake to-day ;
Upon your oaths you, gentlemen, must say,
If this fair land of ours can long be free,
And go unwhipped such scamps from Liberty.
Old Uncle Eber 'lowed, " By Gosh ! that 's true " ;
Hipe Kinne whispered that he thought so too.
The plaintiff's " honor "—the defendant's " wiles "—
Old horsemen nodded, winked their knowing smiles.
The plaintiff's counsel, a distinguished man,
Was modelled, builded, on a noble plan ;
Perhaps ungainly, but his mind well stored
With legal learning ; and at times he awed
The gaping jurors with his rhythmic flow



“The plaintiff’s ‘honor’—the defendant’s ‘wiles’—
Old horsemen nodded, winked their knowing smiles,”—*Page 26.*

Of burning eloquence ; nor did he know
The want of thought or word to gild his plea.
His aim, if right, was always—victory !
Or, dazzle juries till they lose their sight,
Then leave them groping betwixt wrong and right.
His learned opponent, venerable and frail ;
His rugged, wrinkled face tells many a tale
Of fiercest conflict in the world of strife,
Where he had bravely battled all his life.
With subtle power he read men as a book ;
And often by a smile, a word, a look,
He 'd win a jury to a doubtful cause.
Woe to the party in whose case were flaws !
He 'd scent, detect them, drag them forth to light,
And leave his victim in a sorry plight.
His life was ever a continuous war,

In statecraft, politics, and at the Bar ;
But at the Bar he earned his greatest fame,
And in its annals shines no brighter name.
I knew these men ; but one the better knew.
O noble man ! departed friend, to you
My greeting I would waft thee where thou art.
Say, dost thou know there is one loyal heart,
That proved thee noble, faithful, generous, kind,
And has thy virtues in that heart enshrined ?
And yet, 't was no uncommon sight to see
These giants wrestle for supremacy
In the arena of a Squire's court,
Where they like ancient gladiators fought.
So fight they now ; the plaintiff tells his woe,
A score of witnesses sustain him too.
Objections hover over every word ;

“ And sillier ones, I vow, I never heard,”
Shouts plaintiff’s counsel with pugnacious air,
The Court transfixing with his learnèd stare.
His point he clinches with his awful thumps
Upon the table ; up the Squire jumps,
Half mad, half frightened, saying, with rueful face,
“ Please, gentlemen, please go on with this case.”
The plaintiff rested ; and defendant now
Before the Court and Jury makes his bow.
He tells his story, but his counsel’s hand
Has trimmed it splendid for the witness-stand ;
So far well done ; but the defendant knew
He must be cross-examined ; so a chew
He stores away to lubricate his mouth,
And help him, with each roll, to tell the truth.
“ Your mare was heevy ? ” Oh, yes ; that he knew.

“Your horse was blind, sir?” Yes, he ’d ’low that too.

“And did you warrant them as kind and true?”

“I did,” his answer. See the plaintiff smile,

And say, “That beats him!” Ah! but wait awhile.

His counsel asked, “Well, were they kind and true?”

“One moment! don’t you answer! ’twill not do,

May it please the Court, to justify this fraud,

Upon my client by this villain’s word.”

Then cites he Blackstone and a case in Chitty;

Defendant’s counsel said it was a pity

The time of Court and Jury should be spent

Considering cases overruled by Kent.

The Squire said: “I think the old Chancellor right;

I don’t propose to stay here all the night—

Now both be still! Stop this infernal row;

I will have order and I want it *now*.”

Defendant answered, when the storm passed by,

“No kinder, truer team in Liberty.”

They summed the case up with ability ;

But still the jury, it was plain to see,

Thought honors even ; so sustained the laws,

By bringing in a verdict of “No Cause.”

And soon reports went flying through the town,

That Liberty swore Monticello down.

The jury's foreman said : “We took the view,

Blind, heevey horses can be kind and true.”

'T is night again ; the moon with radiant ray

Has waved her parting to the summer day ;

Now glimmering lights illumine every pane,

Rest drops her mantle o'er the scene again.

Not yet, for now upon the village Square,

The Band assembles, and the evening air
 Resounds with music that doth rise and fall
 Like hallowed benedictions upon all ;
 And one, perchance, whose lot was e'er to roam,
 Hears strains at last that tell of " Home, Sweet Home."
 Sweet dreams come o'er me ! scenes are trooping by,
 Long since forgotten ; faithful Memory
 Awakes and 'lumes them with her magic light,
 And stops Time's chariot in its onward flight ;
 Strews o'er with flowers fond Recollection's urn,
 While on her altar hallowed fires burn.
 The old " Third Ward " ! is it remembered yet ?
 Thy politicians I do ne'er forget :
 They schemed and plotted, claimed to rule the town,
 And all the village could not put them down.
 Their strife is over—aye, in peace they rest,

Their names remembered and their labors blest.
The "Navy Yard"! ah, is it there to-day,
Or lives it but in memory? I did stray
Adown the hill full many an eve erewhile,
And as I passed that rookery would smile
And wonder ever why that name it bore—
Old crumbling ruin! vanished evermore.
Historic shades! Time has dealt kindly here,
Nor wrought much change; for many and many a year
Those lofty trees that mountain breezes sway
Have thinned the grass where, at the dawn of day,
The strutting robin seeks with early bill
The loitering worm her young ones' mouths to fill.
Beyond the trees a stately mansion stands—
An ancient relic—and the pile commands
The traveller's notice, nor belies that here

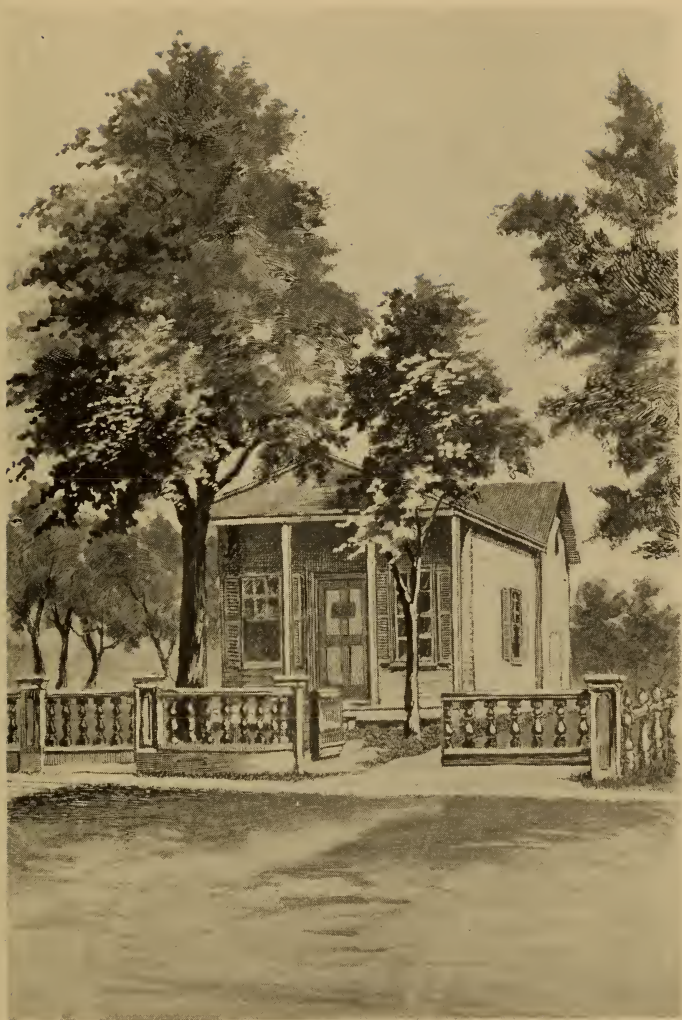
Once lived an owner, like the spot, austere.
The old Bank stood beyond the village Square ;
A stern man once, I mind, was ruler there.
To him, in commerce, were all men the same,
And schemers well might execrate his name,
If faithful duty to an honored trust
Barred well its coffers from the spoiler's lust.
The church that rises from the Court-House hill !
Can I forget it?—beating heart be still.
Yet this emotion proves my heart is true
To scenes of other days, as now I view
This holy place where, when a friendless youth,
One long departed taught me ways of truth,
And gently scattered faith's immortal seed,
She prayed might blossom for life's every need.
I am a youth again—the church bell rings,

The Sunday-school assemblies, grandly sings
Those dear old hymns that thrill me, bless me, yet—
The prayer—the lesson—ne'er can I forget
Sweet days of peace that ne'er may come again,
Yet grant, O Master ! they were not in vain.

A splendid structure ! but I know it not ;
Yet here 't is standing on the very spot
Where years ago the voice of fervent prayer
Brought peace and mercy to the suppliant there.
And there was one, a woman old and gray,
A mother of the village—she did pray
With zealous faith that touched each doubting heart,
And lured the wretched from their sins to part.
With riches blessed with open hand she gave—
Rest well, good woman, in thine honored grave.

In olden days there was a scattered flock—
 No fold, no shepherd—here there was a Rock
 Upon whose strong foundation there did rise
 This sanctuary, lifting to the skies
 Its steepled tower ; and worshippers no more,
 For weary miles the hills do journey o'er,
 To distant Wurtsboro on the Sabbath day,
 Their alms to offer and their prayers to pray.
 A church dismantled ! chancel, altar, gone !
 There stands the structure — Commerce now has
 torn

All sacred relics from that holy place,
 O'er which once hovered God's refreshing grace.
 The church ? the structure ? they are things apart ;
 God's grand cathedral is the prayerful heart.
 Now churchmen worship where yon towering spire



"Ye hills of Sullivan! Ye did inspire
A poet here to sweep his tuneful lyre."—*Page 40.*

Its granite turret rears o'er nave and choir;
Where, guided upward by the organ's peal,
Man's noblest, holiest aspirations steal.
Ye Christian Churches! do I plead in vain,
That for the Master ye be one again?
Demolish ye Intolation's wall:
His words, His teachings, do they rule ye all?
His creed was grand—thine ought the same to be,
Love for our God—love for humanity.
Thy armies marching 'neath that flag unfurled
May conquer and in splendor rule the world.
The old Academy! its bell no more
The pupil summons as in days of yore;
Its halls deserted—learning's ruined shrine
Obstructs the pathway to her golden mine.
Fame, wealth, may perish—knowledge still is power,

And sheds its radiance through dark clouds that lower,
And droop chill shadows over paths once bright,
Dread gloom dispelling, healing error's blight.
Adown the vista of the vanished years
A throng of eager, earnest youth appears—
The Ciceronians—meeting in debate,
When knotty questions, problems too of state,
Engage their powers, and in fierce affray
They battle manfully to win the day
For chosen sides; learn to assault the foe,
To win a victory and defeat to know.
Some sought the Bar and won enduring fame;
In halls of state is blazoned many a name
Remembered still among these classic bowers,
Where proud Ambition ruled scholastic hours.
Venerable mansion ! o'er thy ancient frame

Solidity still lingers ; and the name
Borne by thy builder e'en now clings to thee,
Fountain of Monticello's history.
Thy massive front that skirts the village street,
Thy columned porch well worn by neighbors' feet,
Thy shingled roof, thy huge stone chimney too,
Down which betimes the twittering swallows flew,
Thy ample lawns, thy spreading walnut tree,
All, all recall the happy past to me.
'T is but an old law office ! but to me
'T was once, is now, a shrine ; and fitfully
Again heroic spirits come and go,
Communing with me in the lamplight's glow.
That creaky desk of ancient fragile frame
Was once a struggling lawyer's ; yet his name,
Familiar here, where o'er his briefs he wrought,

Adorns the annals of the Supreme Court.
An honored statesman, and a jurist wise,
The State's Chief-Justice when death closed his
eyes.

Ye hills of Sullivan ! ye did inspire
A poet here to sweep his tuneful lyre ;
By yonder window one wild wintry day,
He wooed the Muse and sang that wondrous lay,
That 'lumes thy hemlocks with enduring light,
And links thy forests with that eagle's flight,
Who scorned his eyrie when dread tempests roared,
And wild and free above thy summits soared.
Aye, marvel not if this be hallowed ground ;
Ye vanished years ! thy halo shines around,
And in thy light remembered forms I see
Who 'neath these shades, in fancy, welcome me.

Here, where so oft I “burned the midnight oil” ;
Here, where were mingled pleasure, pain, and toil ;
Here, where the cup of Friendship to the brim
I filled and quaffed with one I loved ; to him
On Memory’s pinions fly my thoughts to-day ;
Yea, to his spirit ; yonder rests the clay
That held his noble spirit to the earth,
Death, death alone, revealing all its worth.
And by him moulders one, ah ! ever dear ;
Whose maiden sweetness still is lingering here.
She whispers to me when the lights burn low,
She whispers to me when the cold winds blow,
Her voice comes to me on the summer breeze,
She sits beside me ’neath these dear old trees ;
Ye happy days ! Come back, come back to me,
Else heal the wounds of torturing Memory.

Not all thy homes nursed Luxury and Pride ;
There rose and flourished upon every side
Less stately dwellings, but to me as fair—
As if far grander ; for the people there
To me were friends ; their faces I recall,
And in this midnight hour I greet them all—
The dead, the living—for to me are dear
These early recollections ; not a fear
Assails me, as the hurrying years pass by,
That I have faded from the memory
Of those with whom my happier days were cast,
And who, like me, remember pleasures past.
By humble hearthstones, aye, in many a cot,
I've sat at evening ; ne'er, oh ! ne'er forgot
The cordial welcome and the homely fare ;
No tinsel show, no ostentatious glare,



“The comely housewife has set out her best ;
She showers her favors on the household's guest,”—*Page 43.*

No honeyed words hypocrisy employs,
Marred gentle pleasures, or mocked friendship's joys.
Around the table—family, guest, in place—
All bow with reverence, while the host says grace.
No orchestra breathes o'er the evening meal,
But through the rose-clad lattices there steal
The blithesome carols of that pretty bird
Whose song is sweet—was sweeter ever heard
Than when at nightfall, in her downy nest,
The mountain robin sings her prayer for rest ?
The comely housewife has set out her best ;
She showers her favors on the household's guest ;
Piles high his plate, o'erflowing fills his cup,
Her harmless gossip meanwhile keeping up,
Till yielding Nature pleads, at last, " No more " ;—
The lamps are lighted, and the feast is o'er.

In halls of splendor, garlanded with flowers,
Where heavenly music lured the fleeting hours,
When o'er the banquet shone sweet mellow light,
In glory streaming o'er the gay and bright ;
When there before them, on the banquet board,
Were spread the riches, culled from Nature's hoard,
From field and forest, from the stream, the vine,
And clicked the glasses brimming o'er with wine,—
How oft I 've mingled in such festive throngs !
Aye, joined the merriment and sung the songs,
The Bacchanalian songs, that wake the day,
When roses droop and garlands fade away.
My wandering thoughts, ah ! then would fly to thee,
Fair Monticello ! and no more I 'd see
The banquet lights, nor hear the harp's sweet strain ;
I lived the past, and was thy child again.

Sweet summer's herald e'er is lovely spring ;
The frozen breast of earth inspiring,
To throb and quicken with renewed delight,
That flowers will blossom where was chilling blight.
When balmy breezes melt the drifted snow,
And gay with verdure hills and valleys glow ;
When sets the sun and evening shadows fall,
And brooks are murmuring while the peepers call ;
When come the bluebirds and the days wax long,
And from the alders steals the bush-lark's song—
Welcome, sweet Spring-time—Mother of the year.
When all thy offspring in bright robes appear,
What brush can paint the grass, the trees, the flower,
At lovely twilight when a fresh'ning shower
Hath o'er them spread that sweet resplendent hue
Thy loom doth weave and o'er the scene bestrew.

The sweet syringa's fragrance lades the air,
The odorous lilac's blos'ming everywhere ;
Where late the crocus banished winter's gloom,
In warmer beds now gaudy tulips bloom.
The trees, that swayed in every wintry blast,
Unfold their foliage, telling winter's past ;
Their rustling leaves cool many fairy bowers,
And spatter music where'er fall sweet showers.
The tidy villager, at spring's first dawn,
Doth gladly rake his erstwhile snow-clad lawn ;
Stirs well the soil around each shrub and bush,
That flower and rose may wear their fairest blush.
And then his garden—ah ! 't is joy to see
His care, his toil, that it, perchance, may be
This year far earlier than the year before—
His neighbor, envious ; he will ask no more.

See with what pains his onion-bed he sows !
See how he plants his peas in lengthening rows !
There is his lettuce, here his early corn ;
These hills come later, when the early 's gone.
There he has set his choicest big tomatoes,
And planted here his Early Rose potatoes.
His labor 's over—yea, his task is done—
He waits and watches, and the genial sun
Reminds the clouds to drop refreshing rain,
And lo ! his garden springs to life again.
Fair Monticello ! Eden of my life !
Sweet homes, bright firesides, free from care and strife,
Where Peace sat smiling at each happy board,
And Plenty scorned corrupting wealth to hoard ;
Where days passed by with happy, joyous tread,
And nightfall wooed me to a restful bed.

The world beyond might lure me with its smile,
In fair attire Debauchery beguile,
But peace, contentment, then were far more dear ;
And now ! ye wasted years ; I drop a tear
Above thy ruins ; sighs and tears are vain ;
Past joys, past hopes, may ne'er be mine again.
The paths I tread bloom not with roses now,
Nor could their fragrance lure me ; and my brow
Is furrowed : hath the fingers of Despair
Imprinted traces of some mystery there ?
Whose life hath not some mystery ? Whose soul
Hath not deserted chambers, whose control
Is yielded o'er to ghosts who wail and shriek,
And drag the weary chain of fate ; who speak
With spectral voices and the past bemoan
With hopeless yearning and sepulchral groan ?

But ah ! there lingers in those silent halls
The breath of faded roses, and there falls
Sweet music o'er love's fountain, whose refrain
Vibrates and wakens Memory's chords again.
And thou, Zarima ! lingers still thy spell ;
Love's epitaph is written ; 't is " Farewell ! "
My breast, once burning with love's holy flame,
Still, still is smouldering as I trace thy name.

The dying summer fondly lingers still ;
Decay is roaming over vale and hill ;
The ripening leaves array themselves for death,
In gaudy colors ; soon the wild wind's breath
Their forms will scatter o'er the dreary plain,
And they, like men, be seen no more again.
Aye, thus with man ! upon the bough of life

He clings a season, trembling in the strife
Of warring elements that 'round him surge,
While dying Nature chants his awful dirge ;
Life's beauteous sun beams fair and bright for all,
Some nobly live, and some ignobly fall.
But like the foliage of the lusty tree,
To flourish, perish, is man's destiny.
But leaves that fell in early spring-time's glow,
And leaves that fall when chilling breezes blow ;
The babe the mother clasped to her breast,
The only son a father laid to rest ;
The fair sweet daughter, taken in her bloom,
Her beauty buried in the darkened tomb ;
The father, stricken in his strength and pride ;
The mother, torn from children by her side,
Fulfil their mission ; aye, their work well done,

In Heaven decreed and fashioned ere begun.
Yet recollection shudders to behold,
The graves where lost ones mingle with the mould.
Consoling Faith may whisper, "Sweet their rest";
Hope, pointing upward, tell us "They are blest";
The chastened spirit yields, perchance, its trust,
But oh! the heart still bleeds o'er precious dust.

When comes the winter oft the merry past
I live again—when blew the howling blast,
That piled the snow-drifts over road and wall;
The merry sleigh-ride, and the Tavern ball!
The old cotillion and the gay quadrille!
We danced to music that e'en now doth thrill
My heart, quick beating, as fair forms glide by,
And light the halls of blissful memory.

Ah! rosy nights of pleasure, jest, and song!
Ah! boon companions! bright, congenial throng!
Who in the Tavern's bar-room, blue with smoke,
Told many a story—laughed at many a joke,
And played their pranks on some selected wight.
One I remember nearly lost his sight—
Who, when his pipe exploded, saw no jest.
Announcing boldly that a "crowner's quest"
Would say, By Gee! he had a right to kill
The wretch who'd powder in tobacco spill.
The Major sought to cool his rising ire,
And drew him nearer to the blazing fire;
Assured him, gravely, that the trick was mean,
More diabolical he'd never seen.
The Sheriff said such fun was far too rough,
And he'd give notice Cal had had enough;

Then slyly winked to an audacious pal,
Who also loudly sympathized with Cal—
Yet seeks he Cal's tobacco pocket now,
As if there, something, he would deftly throw :
Till Cal, assured, filled up his pipe again,
Then lit a match—and touched a powder train ;
Up to the ceiling puffed the fire and smoke—
And Cal? Mad ! speechless ! not a word he spoke ;
While merry jeers and boist'rous laughter loud
Went round the genial e'en if roysterous crowd.
All were his friends, ah ! that right well he knew ;
They teased him, roiled him, but they loved him too.

Fair Monticello ! thou art fairer now,
Than when I knew thee in the long ago.

Yet were thy charms all, all to fade away
And o'er their ruins hover dread decay,
The light of Memory would past scenes illumine
And phantom voices break the silent gloom.
But now I ponder on each hallowed spot ;
In fancy clasp dear loved ones ne'er forgot.
My every look recalls some memory dear,
While lost ones whisper " We are happy here."
Thy firesides, honored, and yet drear and cold,
Thy blaze no welcome as in days of old.
The ghost of joys departed, hovering 'round,
Each scene is haunting ; laughter's siren sound
The heart is mocking ; and regretful tears,
Like balm, are pouring over blasted years.
Revered thy spires ; yet when I hear their bells,
Their peal is doleful ; and like funeral knells

They' re tolling, tolling, for the past that 's dead,
For hopes and dreams, alas! forever fled.
Ah no! Fair Monticello, thou has blest
Thy wanderer; and, albeit his loving breast
Betimes is saddened as he views the past,
Sweet peace comes o'er him and abides at last;
Thy smile beams o'er him, lights him on his way;
His hallowed memories still have power to sway;
Whate'er he 's lost—whate'er he may have won,
Thou art his mother—he thy loving son.



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